Thos. Jolley
1822

A.j.

CERTAINE

Engliſh verſes penned by DAVID GWYN, who for the ſpace of eleuen yeeres and ten *moneths was in moſt grieuous ſeruitude in the gallies* vnder the King of Spaine, and nowe lately by the wonderfull prouidence of God, deliuered from captiuitie, to the ouerthrow of many of the Spaniards, and the great reioycing of all true hearted Engliſh men.

Preſented to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie in the Parke at Saint Iames *on Sunday the xviii. of Auguſt 1588.* by Dauid Gwyn, as foloweth.

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Certaine Englisth verſes., preſented to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie, in the Parke at Saint Iames, on Sunday the xviii. of Auguſt 1588.

SUch Rebels as do meane to ſell,
their crowne to forreine foes:
Againſt their Queene for to rebel
whoſe ſecrets God diſcloſe.
Marke well, and read this ſtory mine,
though ſimple and rude it be:
And to your Queene with heart encline
let treaſon from you flee.
For I am one that captiue am,
and know the Spaniards heart:
Although he loue the traitors name,
at length hee makes him ſmart.
He giues the traitor daily pay,
whyle treaſon is a working:
But afterwards to his decay,
he cuts him ſhort from barking.
Which is the due and iuſt reward,
that doeth belong to treaſon:
The hangman takes him by the beard,
to cut his head with reaſon.

Examples many I could bring,
which lately hath bene prooued:
Of those that wrote to Philip king,
whose hearts to treason mooued.
The youthfull Duke of Bragan soile,
Barganſiæ cald by name:
Who gaue the Portugall the spoile,
and brought himselfe to shame.
Also the Coundie of Caskails,
did ioine with him in treason:
Pretending for to purchase bailes,
being void and cleare of reason.
And so they sold their natiue land,
to Philip king of Spaine:
Who hauing Portugall in hand,
as king therein did raigne.
Who sudainly did turne his face,
from this good duke and Coundie.
And gaue no credit to their race,
wherein they knew the follie.
Therefore good Christian countrimen,
take heed, beware betime:
Let no falſe treason moue you then,
to Pope, nor Spanish king.

Let

Let not affection blind your eies,
nor popish tales deceiue:
Let not the Spaniards tales nor lies,
constraine you to beleeue.
For they are deuils, and are not gods,
seeing people they deceiues:
I wish you well, beleeue him not,
if you will liue at ease.
Therefore you Saxon sorte,
that rebels meane to liue:
Marke well, and reade the euill report,
that Portugals do giue.
The Southerne Spanish race,
that mankinde would subiect:
To turne vs all from Christes lawes,
to liue in Popish sect.
Repent therefore in time,
and call to God for grace:
To Queene Elizabeth doe incline,
and flie from Spaniards race.
Be true vnto the English Crowne,
and doe the Pope detest:
Procure to beat the Spaniards downe,
the Romanes, and the rest.

Examples good you may well take,
of Italie, and Cicilia soyle:
By Spaniards, Flanders all doth quake,
they Portugale did spoyle.
Therefore, good English knightes,
be true vnto your Queene:
In noble mindes set your delights,
and flie from treason cleane.
Marke well a Captiues plaint,
that doth lament your case:
To Queene Elizabeth be you not faint,
and call to God for grace.
And thus with mournefull heart,
from Galley I doe end:
Where I doe feele the bitter smart,
of Popish Spanish men.
Farewell good native soyle,
farewell good Countrey mine:
Defend your land from Spanish soyle,
and flie from Spanish line.
I write with dolefull pen,
my leaue of you to take:
My life I lead in Galley cheyne,
from whence my moane I make.

Viuat Regina Elizabetha.

An other at the ſame time deliuered to her Maieſtie by DAVID GWYN.

THe Eagle and the Lyon fearce,
doe ioyne their ſubiects all:
Againſt the Saxon ſoyle to pearce,
their counſell they doe call.
To knowe the way for to obteine
their long deſired will,
In iudgement ſeate they ſit againe,
to vtter all their ſkill.
And as the commons bragge and boaſt,
a fleete they meane to make:
To ſaile vnto the Engliſh coaſt,
the Queene and land to take.
With helpe of Rebels they doe thinke,
the Saxon land to ſpoyle:
If Queene and Counſell do not winke,
the land can haue no foile.
But thoſe that lurketh in the denne,
and did not know the ſmart:
I meane ſome kinde of Engliſh men,
which beares a Spaniſh heart.

They

They thinke the Crowne of ioy to win,
by treason and by guile:
Against the Christian English Queene,
to please the Spaniards wile.
Therefore good nobles play your part,
defend your Queene and land:
Against the Spaniards shewe your art,
your force and mightie hand.
Good Christian Clergie, send abroad
your preachers for to showe:
Howe bondage is a deadly rodde,
in winters time you knowe.
The Spaniardes make the Christian
and bondmen vnto thrall: (slaue,
Their heads & beards they daily shaue,
which is a dreadfull fall.
They meane with force of fiery sword,
your Saxon land to runne:
They say it is for Christes word,
and Romaines lawes among.
They sweare by Christ, and by their
the English Queene to take: (beards,
The Counsell and the Nobles heads,
to make them all to quake.

The

The merchant and the venterers,
with Spanish bragge they threate:
The officers and the labourers,
with fists they meane to beate.
Therefore you worthy wightes,
that passe the southerne seas:
Man out your princely shippes,
your foes for to displease.
And keepe your English coast,
from Phillip King of Spaine:
And from all those that daily boast,
to put you all to paine.
I write no more, I wish you well,
my minde you may well knowe:
From captiues chaine where I do dwel,
with bitter paynes and woe.

An

An other preſented to her Maieſtie by Dauid Gwyn in commendation of Sir *Francis Drake*.

O Noble knight, O worthie wight,
O prince of nauigation:
In martiall affaires is thy delight,
for countries preſeruation.
Thy noble fame like Phebus trim,
in all the world is ſpread,
As eclipſe the ſun and moone doth dim,
ſo Spaniards do thee dread.
Thy valiant actes and worthie hart,
deſerues eternall fame:
Thy knowledge and Aſtrologies art
doth verifie the ſame.
Thy happy courſe that thou didſt runne
vnto the weſterne land.
Did make the Spaniards all to ſhunne,
as fearing of thy hand,
Sanda Domingo makes great mone,
Carthagena eke doth crie,
The weſterne Iles do greatly grone,
thy force hath bin ſo nie.

Kalles

Kalles likewise doth greatly feare,
with reason thereunto.
The narrow straites do daily care,
because thou art their foe.
Thy enterprise hath bin so high,
that Turkes could not compare,
Nor with his gallies come so nigh,
which makes them all to feare.
The Graund English they thee doe call
of famous good report,
The Spaniards and the Portingall,
to England will resort,
To serue the Queene & thee, good Drake
for thy good famous acts,
The Spanish King they will forsake
with England to compact.
Thou art so dread as God is feard,
in southerne coast and land:
The Spaniard daily shakes his beard,
and feares thy mightie hand.
Therefore good worthie Drake,
serue thou thy soueraigne Queene,
And make the Spanish foe to quake,
and English force be seene.

For

For helpe and aide thou shalt not want
thy vertuous queene is bent,
Money and victualles is not scant,
and men will not repent.
If thou wilt follow victorie,
as first thou diddest begin:
All Protestants will pray for thee,
and for our gracious Queene.
The Spaniards brag and make greate (boast
as thou dost partly knowe,
A huge great fleete they make in haste,
as letters mine did showe.
wherein I writ a warning good,
to thee and to the queene,
Rehearsing all both bad and good
that in their fleete was seene.
Also I wrote the summe of men,
as neare as I could learne,
And sent it by an Englishman,
whereby thou mightest discerne.
To knowe thy foes, and what they be,
all kind of generation:
The dukes and earles in their degree
rehearsed by relation,

Their

Their ſhips and force I daily wrote,
and all their preparation:
To name them all I miſſed not,
as void of deſperation.
And thus, good noble knight,
my ſimple verſe I ende,
Unto thy hand good worthie wight,
my helpe I do commende,
And wiſh all Engliſh chriſtian men
to pray for me poore Gwyn,
That lieth in bondage and in chaine
with popiſh Spaniſh king.

FINIS.